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OTTAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river with the Illinois, 290 miles, by water, from Saint Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria. The population of Ottawa is about one thousand.

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

From the Rose of the Valley.

## Autumn.

BY M. A. TOWNSEND.

I love to range through autumn bowers,  
It minds me of my boyhood days,  
When glad I roamed to cull the flowers,  
And watched the sunset's dying blaze.  
While thus I roam at autumn eve,  
I think how transient is this life,  
And almost long to take my leave  
Of this lone world of care and strife.  
In autumn's hour we see the rose  
No more doth deck the lonely plain;  
No more the fragrant zephyr blows,  
And hushed the plaintive robin's strain.  
I deeply love you autumn bowers,  
So melancholy, wild and lone—  
They speak of sadly pleasing hours,  
Now for ever, ever flown.  
They tell me there's a brighter home,  
A far more lovely world than this,  
Where saints and angels ever roam,  
Through climates of love and bowers of bliss.  
They say there's no more weeping there,  
Nor no more broken hearts on high—  
But all is beautifully fair  
In that bright world o'er yonder sky.

## Our Yankee Girls.

Let greener lands and bluer skies,  
If such a wide earth shows—  
With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes  
Match us the star and rose;  
The wind, that lifts the Georgian's veil,  
Or waves Circassia's curls,  
Waft to their shores the sultan's sail—  
Who buys our Yankee girls?  
The gay grisette, whose fingers touch  
Love's thousand cords so well;  
The dark Italian, loving much,  
But more than one can tell;  
And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed dame,  
Who binds her hair with pearls—  
Ye, who have seen them, can they shame  
Our own sweet Yankee girls?  
And what if court or castle saunt  
Its children loftier horn—  
Who heeds the silken tassels flaunt  
Beside the golden corn?  
They ask not for the courtly toil  
Of jewelled knights and earls—  
The daughters of the virgin soil,  
Our free-born Yankee girls.  
By every hill, whose stately pines  
Wave their dark arms above  
The home where some fair being shines  
To warm the wilds with love;  
From basest rock to bleakest shore,  
Where farthest sail unfurls  
That stars and stripes are floating o'er—  
God bless our Yankee girls!

## A Tale of Truth.

One pleasant evening in the month of June, in the year 17—, a man was observed to enter the borders of a wood near the Hudson river; his appearance was that of a person above the common rank. The inhabitants of a country village would have dignified him with the name of 'Squire,' and from his manner have pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to society, would inform you there was something like a military air about him. His horse panted as if it had been hard pushed for some miles, yet from the owners frequent stops to caress the patient animal he could not be charged with want of humanity, but seemed to be actuated by some urgent necessity. The rider's forsaking a good road for a by-path leading through the woods, indicated a desire to avoid the gaze of other travellers. He had not left the house where he inquired the direction of the above mentioned path, more than two hours, before the quietude of the place was broken by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, travelling became dangerous, as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except when the lightning's terrific flash afforded a momentary view of his situation. A loud and of longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head seeming as if it would rend the woods asunder, was quickened by a heavy fall of rain, which

penetrated the clothing of the stranger, ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak, which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted by the labours of the day, he was about making such dispositions of the saddle and his own coat, as would enable him to pass the night with what comfort circumstances would admit, when he espied a light glimmering through the trees. Animated with the hope of better lodgings, he determined to proceed. The way which was steep became attended with more obstacles the farther he advanced, the soil being composed of clay, which the rain had rendered so soft that his feet slipped every step. By the utmost perseverance this difficulty was finally overcome without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in front of a decent looking farm house.

The watch dog began barking, which

brought the owner of the mansion to the door.

"Who is there?" said he.

"A friend who has lost his way and is in search of shelter," was the reply.

"Come in," added the first speaker,

"and whatever my house will afford you shall have with welcome."

"I must first provide for the weary

companion of my journey," remarked the other.

But the farmer undertook the task, and

after conducting the new comer into the

room where his wife was seated, he led

the horse to a well stored barn, and there

provided for him most bountifully. On

rejoining the traveller, he observed, 'that's

a noble animal of yours, sir.'

"Yes," was the reply, "and I am sorry

to be obliged to misuse him so as to

make it necessary to give you much trouble

with the care of him; but I have yet to

thank you for your kindness to us both."

"I did no more than my duty, sir,"

said the entertainer, "and therefore am

entitled to no thanks. But Susan," added

he, turning to the hostess with a half

reproachful look, "why have you not given

the gentleman something to eat?"

Fear had prevented the good woman

from exercising her well known benevo-

lence; for a robbery had been committed

by a lawless band of depredators but a

few days before in the neighborhood, and

as report stated the ruffians were all well

dressed, her imagination suggested that

this man might be one of them.

At her husband's remonstrance, she now

readily engaged in repairing her error, by

preparing a plentiful repast. During the

meal there was much interesting conver-

sation among the three. As soon as the

worthy countryman perceived that his

guest had satisfied his appetite, he informed

him that it was now the hour at which

the family usually performed their even-

ing devotions, inviting him at the same

time to be present. The invitation was

accepted in these words:

"It would afford me the greatest pleasure

to commune with my heavenly Preserver;

after the events of the day, such

exercises prepare us for the repose which

we seek in sleep."

The host now reached his bible from

the shelf, and after reading a chapter and

singing, concluded the whole with a fervent

prayer—then lighting a pine knot, con-

ducted the person he had entertained to

his chamber, wishing him a good night's

rest, and retired to the adjoining apartment.

"John," whispered the woman, "that is

a good gentleman and not one of the high-

waymen, as I supposed."

"Yes, Susan," said he, "I like him

better for thinking of his God, than for all

his kind inquiries about our welfare. I

wish our Peter had been from the army,

if it was only to hear this man talk; I am

sure Washington himself could not say

more for his country, nor give a better his-

tory of the hardships endured by our

brave soldiers."

"Who knows now," inquired the wife,

"but it may be he himself, after all, my

dear, for they do say he travels just so all

alone sometimes. Hark! what's that?"

The sound of a voice came from the

chamber of the guest, who was now en-

gaged in his private religious worship.—

After thanking the Creator for his many

mercies, and asking a blessing on the in-

habitants of the house; he continued,

"and now, Almighty Father, if it is thy

holy will, that we shall obtain a place and

name among the nations of the earth, grant

that we may be enabled to show our gra-

titude for thy goodness, by our endeavours

to obey thee. Bless us with wisdom in

our councils, success in battle, and let our

victories be tempered with humanity. En-

dow, also, our enemies with enlighten-

ed minds, that they may become sensible

of injustice, and willing to restore our li-

berly and peace. Grant the petition of

thy servant for the sake of Him whom

thou hast called thy son; nevertheless,

not my will but thine be done. Amen."

The next morning, the traveller declining

the pressing solicitations to breakfast

with his host, decalred it was necessary

for him to cross the river immediately, at

the same time offering a part of his purse

as a compensation for the attention he had

received, which was refused.

"Well, sir," concluded he, "since you

will not permit me to recompense you for

your trouble, it is but just that I should

inform you on whom you have conferred

so many obligations, and also to add to

them by requesting your assistance in

crossing the river. I had been out yester-

day in endeavouring to obtain some in-

formation respecting your enemy, and be-

ing alone, ventured too far from our camp;

on my return, I was surprised by a for-

aging party, and only escaped by my

knowledge of the roads, and the fleetness

of my horse. My name is GEORGE

WASHINGTON."

Surprise kept the listener silent for a

moment, then after unsuccessfully repeat-

ing the invitation to partake of some re-

freshments, he hastened to call two ne-

groes, with whose assistance he placed

the horse on a small raft of timber that

was lying near the door, and soon con-

veyed the general to the opposite side,

where he left him to pursue his way to

the camp, wishing him a safe and pros-

perous journey. On his return to the

house he found that while he was engaged

in making preparations for conveying the

horse across the river, his illustrious vis-

itor had persuaded the woman to accept a

token of remembrance, which the family

are proud of exhibiting to this day.

The above is one of the many hazards

encountered by this truly great patriot for

the purpose of transmitting to posterity

the treasures we now enjoy. Let us ac-

knowledge the benefits received, by our

endeavors to preserve them in their pur-

ity; and by keeping in remembrance the

great source, whence these blessings

flow, and be enabled to render our names

worthy of being enrolled with that of the

Father of his Country.

## The Two Highlanders.

BY JAMES HOGG.

On the banks of the Albany river, which falls into Hudson's Bay, there is among others, a small colony settled, which is almost entirely made up of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland. Though the soil of the valleys contiguous to the river is exceedingly rich and fertile, yet the winter being too long and severe, the people do not labour too incessantly in agriculture, but depend for the most part upon their skill in hunting and fishing for their subsistence—there being commonly abundance of both game and fish.

Two young kinsmen both Macdonalds, went one day into these boundless woods to hunt, each of them armed with a well charged gun in his hand, and a skene-dhu, or Highland dirk, by his side. They shaped their course towards a small stream, which descends from the mountains towards the north-west of the river; on the banks of which they knew there were still a few wild swine remaining; and of all other creatures they wish most to meet with one of them, little doubt but that they would overcome even a pair of them at their lurking places, though they were reported to be so remarkable both for their strength and ferocity. They were not at all successful, having neglected the common game in searching for these animals; and a little before sunset they returned homeward without having shot anything save one wild turkey. But when they least expected it, to their infinite joy they discovered a deep pit or cavern, which contained a large litter of half grown pigs, and none of the old ones with them. This was a prize indeed; so, without losing a moment, Donald said to the other, "Mack, you pe te littlest man—creep you in and durr te little sows, and I'll be keeping vatch at the door."

Mack complied without hesitation, gave his gun to Donald, unsheathed his skene-dhu, and crept into the cave head foremost; but after he was all out of sight save the brogues, he stopped short and called back, "But Lord, Donald, pe sure to keep out to old ones."

"Don't you be fearing tat, man," said Donald.

The cave was deep, but there was abundance of room in the further end, where Mack, with his sharp skene-dhu, now commenced the work of death. He was scarcely well begun, when Donald perceived a monstrous wild boar advancing upon him, roaring and grinding his tusks, while the fire of rage gleamed from his eyes. Donald said not a word for fear of alarming his friend; besides, the savage was so hard upon him ere he was aware, he scarcely had time for any thing; so setting himself firm and cocking his gun, he took his aim; but that the shot might prove the more certain death, he suffered the boar to come within a few paces of him before he ventured to fire; he at last drew the fatal trigger, expecting to blow out his eyes, brains and all. Merciful heaven!—the gun missed fire, or

flashed in the pan. I am not sure which. There was no time to be lost—Donald dashed the piece in the animal's face, turned his back, and fled with precipitation. The boar pursued him only for a short space, for having heard the cries of his suffering young ones as he passed the den, he hastened back to their rescue. Most men would have given up all for lost. It was not so with Donald—Mack's life was at stake. As soon as he observed the monster return from pursuing him, Donald faced about and pursued him in his turn; but having before this, from the horror of being all torn to pieces, ran rather too far without looking back, the boar had by that oversight got considerably ahead of him—Donald strained every nerve—uttered some piercing cries—and even for all his haste did not forget to implore assistance from heaven. His prayer was short, but pithy—O Lord! pour Mack! pour Mack!" said Donald in a loud voice, while the tears gushed from his eyes. In spite of all his efforts, the enraged animal reached the mouth of the den, before him, and entered! It was, however, too narrow for him to walk on all fours; he was obliged to drag himself in as Mack had done before, and, of course, his hind feet lost their hold of the ground. At this important crisis Donald overtook him—laid hold of his large long tail—set his feet to the bank, and held back in the utmost desperation.

Mack, who was all unconscious of what was going on above ground, wondered in what way he came to be involved in utter darkness in a moment. He waited a little while, but the most profound obscurity still continuing, he at length bawled out, "Donald, man, Donald, what is that'll ay pe stopping the light?"

Donald was too much engaged, and too breathless, to think of making any reply to Mack's impertinent question, till the latter, having waited in vain a considerable time for an answer, repeated it in a louder cry. Donald's famous laconic answer, which perhaps never was, nor never will be equalled, has often been heard of—

"Donald, man, Donald, I say, what is it that'll ay pe stopping the light?" bellowed Mack.

"Should the tail break, you'll fin' tat," said Donald.

Donald continued to struggle, and soon began to entertain hopes of ultimate success. When the boar pulled to get in, Donald held back; and when he struggled to get back again, Donald set his shoulder to his large buttocks, and pushed him in; and in this position he kept him until he got an opportunity of giving him some deadly stabs with his skene-dhu behind the short rib, which soon terminated his existence.

Our two young friends by this adventure, realized a valuable prize, and secured so much excellent food, that it took them several days to get it conveyed home. During the long winter night, while the family were regaling themselves on the hams of the great wild boar, often was the above tale related, and as often applauded and laughed at.

From the New York Review.

## Modern Rome.

Did the limits of a single paper admit of any thing more than a few sketches, it would be easy to embellish it with scenes of the highest interest for every class of readers. The incidents of agricultural life have more variety and more picturesque effect here, than in any other part of the world; and the vast farms of Campo Morto and Santa Maria di Galeria give a very different idea, from that which generally prevails of Roman industry and skill. The difference is still more striking in some of the villages above the valley of the Tiber. There the rude dwellings of the inhabitants remain as when they first clustered around the castle of their feudal lord. The castle, too, with its towers, its embattled walls, its arched and grated windows, still wears the sullen frown of absolute dominion. But no banner waves upon its walls, nor signal fire blazes upon its watch tower, and the iron studded portal has long since ceased to grate upon its massive hinges. But yet a more striking contrast between the past and the present, is that which meets the eye as it turns from the narrow and squalid streets of the hamlet, to the verdant cultivation that surrounds it. The vine upon each sunny slope, the olive upon the hill side; fruits and grain in the depths of the valley, and precipitous banks which seem almost inaccessible to man or beast, rising in terraces, plat above plat, and smiling with foliage and fruit. After all, however, the historical associations of the Campagna form the most interesting point of view from which it can be studied. Nowhere does the past wear so solemn, so imposing an aspect; nowhere does the present recall, with such stern reality, the scenes and the lessons of the past.

To see the same sun that shone so brightly on the glittering array of Roman legions, on the havoc of the Goth, of the Lombard, of the Norman, now pouring down its burning rays on the scattered hamlets and silent fields; the same moon that looked so meekly on the revels of the senatorial villa, on the midnight mysteries of the sacred groves, now softening down the rude rents of time, and restoring to the naked ruin a portion of that beauty it can never wear again in the glare of day; to meet the same smile on the landscape, the same soothing breath on the mountain side, as when they welcomed a Cicero, a Horace, a Virgil, to their cool retreat; what scene can compare with this, what epitaph can plead so touchingly for a pause in the hurried march of life; for a tear upon this sepulchre of a world, whose destiny has been fulfilled, and all of which save its memory, has passed away. Let us seat ourselves again upon the summit of the Alban mount, and give a few more moments to the past. Below and around us, far as the eye can reach, spreads the broad unbroken expanse of the Campagna, the seven hills seem to have shrunk to a level with the plain, and Rome, though she still sits proudly upon their crests, is only known by her massive palaces and the solemn swell of the dome of St. Peter's.

To the north, upon the uttermost verge of the horizon, stands Soracte, a stern, solitary carrier, scarcely softened by the distance. The undulating chain of the Sabine mountains, rough, precipitous, now covered with dark, close, grown forests, now standing out craggy and bare, draws an impassable line to the east, and is separated by a broad valley from the long slope of the Alban mount. The sea from Centum Cellæ to Antium washes the whole western coast, and is scarcely distinguished by its deep blue, and the purer line of its horizon, except from the Campagna itself. The Tiber gleams out brightly in its tortuous course, and the white walls of a modern village mark the spot where it mingles with the waters of the Mediterranean.

Ages ago, those waters girdled the base of the mountain on which we sit, and the highest points of the Campagna were but specks on the surface. A few hardy savages fed on the chestnuts and acorns of the Sabine mountains, but the Alban was wreathed in clouds of volcanic smoke, and poured forth its torrents of lava through the broad craters. Years passed away; the waters gradually retired from the foot of the mountains, and the land, raised by the earthquake's shock and lava flood, came forth smiling in the verdure of a new creation. Its smile allured the hardy mountaineers to a softer dwelling, and as they descended, tribe after tribe, their clustering cottages, and spreading hamlets, revealed the presence of a spirit more than human. For the father of the gods himself, driven by rebellion from his celestial seat, had descended to this favored spot and taken up his abode among men. It was then that the arts and all the powers of the mind, and all the sympathies of the heart, first developed their humanizing influences, and often did the men of after times look back with a sigh to the sunny period, & radiant were the colors in which they painted the golden age.

Three silver lakes had risen up in the craters of the volcano, and on the shores of one of these the son of a stranger from beyond the sea, had erected the walls of a new city. A few cottages, too, had been silently spreading along the brow of a hill that overlooked a bend of the Tiber. In these a descendant of the founder of Alba, first gathered together the fugitives of the neighboring cities, and surrounded his dwellings with a wall. Hill after hill was successfully added to the enclosure, till the inhabitants of the remotest corners of the earth, knew no honor greater than to be admitted to the rights of those who were born within its circuit.

A gorgeous temple then covered the spot. It was a landmark to the returning mariner, who shouted as he saw it from afar, and turned his prow to the welcome shore. It was a gathering place for the cities of the mountain and the plain, who met in common worship around its altar, and shared the consecrated victim in its shade. Here came the warrior before he had dipped his sword in blood, to pray for the guidance and the protection of the father of gods. And here, too, he came when the strife was ended, and raised his hymn of victory to the god in whose name it had been won. Conquerors of the world, and thou, too, conqueror and lord of all but thine own ambition, could ye but see these moss grown stones, piled by unskilful hands, and the rough walls of this humble convent, and recognize in these, all that remains of the scene of your glories and your triumphs, what would ye think of the immortality ye strove to win?

A milder glory lingers around the slope on our right. On the brow of that bald hill stood Tusculum, and within its shade, the favorite retreat of Cicero. It was there that the Roman sage sought relief from the cares of the Senate House and the Forum, and gave himself up to the sublime meditations of his Tusculan questions. Not a tree shades the spot. It swells rounded